

# The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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## THE JOY OF WORKING AS PARTNERS OF GOD

Some time ago the *Missionary Review* of the World told a fine story about a medical missionary in China, Dr. Barlow, who saw that many Chinese suffered and died from a disease caused by a tiny parasite known as a fluke. The life-history of this minute organism was unknown, and Dr. Barlow resolved to find out how it caused disease by experimenting on himself. "One Sunday morning," he says, "I took thirty-two of the flukes from the body of a patient in the hospital, put them into a tumbler, locked my office door, and drank them down." "He told no one what he had done," says the writer, "but, as soon as he could, he boarded a ship and came to America. There, in the Johns Hopkins University—one of the great medical schools of the world—he told the doctors." This was but the first of a number of experiments which the doctor tried on himself, any of which might have ended in his death. The cause of the disease was thus discovered, and medical science is now well on the track of its cure. It is another of the romances of medicine, and the heroism of Dr. Barlow sheds new luster on the work of medical missions.

One of the finest things in the story is the answer which Dr. Barlow gave to one who asked why he did such things and ran such risks: "He quoted his favorite text," says the writer: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work."

It is the answer that Jesus once gave in explanation of his own healing and saving work. As Jesus looked out upon the world He saw God at work everywhere. He often speaks about it, and with a certain wonder and pride in his words. He uses the present, not the past tense. God in His view did not create the world and

then withdraw. God for Him was no absentee. The signs of His presence and activity were seen by Him on every hand. He saw Him caring for birds and flowers—feeding them and exquisitely clothing them, and Jesus seems to have found delight in watching the way and wonder of it all.

He regards them as part of the family and what a family it is. One can hardly try to count the flowers in a field or the blades of grass, or think of the loveliness of their forms and colors, or ponder the intricacy of their fashioning, without a stirring of wonder.

Jesus sees Him at work in rain and sunlight, and notes His method there.

The man who never gives God a thought, who spends his life in indifference and disobedience, nevertheless gets the morning light, sun and rain make his crops grow, and though he may know it not, there is not a field where God has not been more at work than the man himself.

It is good thus to "consider the works of God," in the fields or by the shore, as we climb the hills or cross the plains.

In the seas are countless myriads of tiny creatures, which must have lime out of which to fashion the shells that house and protect them. On the mountain sides are rivulets and streams, dissolving lime out of the rocks over which they flow, and which by way of the river reaches the sea. On the one hand the need and on the other hand the provision to fit the need. What artistry there is in the marking of these shells, or in bird's eggs, or in a sunset or a sunrise. What amazing wonder is wrapped up in a drop of dew or in a sunbeam. The sunbeams travel ninety-odd million miles before they reach our earth, and yet they only take eight minutes for the journey. The tiniest flower that grows



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may rely upon the ministry of those far-traveled rays.

In a real sense it requires at least the solar system, if not the universe, to grow a flower. And God is still creatively at work, for creation is not something done once for all. It is a process, for any one who has known the joy of it does not tire.

So God finds joy in the work of His hands and is ever bringing new things to birth.

So we find new continents being built up, new worlds being formed and amazing things in the making! For anything we know to the contrary other worlds may be in the process of preparation for life.

Man has come to spell out what seem to him Divine meanings in life, he has in not a few ways begun to think God's thoughts after Him. He is inspired by visions, ideals and spacious hopes. Faith sees in the age-long preparations, the struggle and the travail, the prelude to yet vaster music. It does not yet appear what we shall be. To feel that God is at work, gives significance to life and inspires hope. Some modern thinkers stress the insignificance of human life and the indifference of the universe. According to these there is precious little to hope for, and one might add precious little to live for. Their writings leave one cold and shivering.

If it be as has been suggested that the view of life most likely to be true is that which gives life its greater significance, then the Christian view stands that test against all other views whatsoever.

"My Father worketh," is the Christian view. It makes all the difference when we believe that. It gives us a clue through what often seems a maddening maze. It inspires hope and confidence and proves a

challenge to share in that Divine work and purpose. That at all events was the faith of Jesus.

The strength, the courage, the tenderness, the beauty of that life, were rooted in that faith! It was the master light of all his seeing. The world's loveliest life was based upon that vision of God. We can hardly suppose it was a huge delusion, and that Jesus was hopelessly wrong, not in the details but in the central thoughts and convictions of his life!

"Jesus," says Maltby, "does only those things for which He had God's example on God's vaster scale." "The God He sees at work is ever fighting against disease and pain, as well as against sin," and so Jesus dedicates His life to work those same works. That is the whole obligation of sonship.

Furthermore that is the meaning of life, the purpose for which life is given. If we are failing there we are failing indeed. God is a worker and man also should be a "worker," a true loyal son of that Father. We are called to be co-workers together with God; sharers in His creative purpose. That was Christ's dominant aim, from the days of the Carpenter's shop to the Cross on Calvary. As a son in the Carpenter's shop He grew up into His Father's work, and found there an analogy for the meaning of life. So the earthly fatherhood helped Him to spell out the heavenly. And even at the Carpenter's bench, these higher thoughts must have brought inspirations into the tasks of the common day. For eighteen years He was a carpenter and found divine meanings there. "My father worketh and I work" was as true there as when healing the sick.

No true son of that Father could ever be a shirker, or be trivial minded or irreverent in his work. His humble task will be a high calling, and whatever his medium, wood, stone, words, sounds, he will seek to express something of the Divine idea.

Is not that the secret of the work found in the medieval cathedrals? On every hand, even in the obscure and remote corners, unlikely often to be seen, there

are most exquisite carvings and moldings, and sculptures, done for the sheer joy of creative work, of having some part, however small, in fashioning a cathedral. Men put themselves into such work; it was an expression of their love and devotion, and had to be the finest, truest, sincerest, of which they were capable. If we ask who built the cathedral at Amiens, says Ruskin, the true answer is God and man—the human hand and brain, the Divine idea and inspiration. Men had seen God at work, and Amiens was their approach to that Divine workmanship. Work thus bathed in prayer and aspiration has its own incomparable quality.

—From *The Churchman Afield*.

### ONE DAY IN THE BERKSHIRES

#### I.

Daybreak. From out the valley's depths  
The mists are rising, curling,  
Until above the mountain tops  
The sun, triumphantly unfurling  
His banner bright,  
Puts them to flight  
And morn  
Is born.

#### II.

Noontide. A sun-drenched stillness lies  
Across the meadows, dreaming,  
The far, faint sounds of field and wood,  
Of rippling brook, now hid, now gleaming  
Come to our ears,  
And each soul hears  
A tone,  
Its own.

#### III.

Sunset. Along the mountainsides  
The lengthening shadows, blending  
With tints of softly purpling clouds,  
Gently proclaim the fair day's ending.  
And in the hush  
There sings a thrush—  
"All's right;  
Good-night."

—*Florence E. Wilcox,*  
*Holyoke, Mass.*

"The world is a beautiful book, but of little use to him who cannot read it."

### PRAYER

Oh Lord God Almighty! Creator and Sustainer of all life! Thou in whose keeping are the issues and the destiny of our lives! Conscious that we are not sufficient unto ourselves or unto each other; conscious that without thee we are weak, miserable and defenceless and that with thee we may be strong, safe, glad and brave, we bow ourselves before Thee and thy protective power and the glory of thy sustaining love.

We pray for a clearer vision of thy truth and a better understanding of life; of our personal life that we so often and grievously fail to appreciate in all its height, depth, fulness and divine suggestiveness. We pray that the transforming influence of thy quickening power may take possession of our lives, giving right direction and a deeper meaning and worth to all the thoughts, desires, purposes and activities of our lives.

We thank thee for the showers of blessing and the rich dews of heavenly grace that fall, oh so gently, upon the waste places of our hearts, transforming them into a garden of beauty and delight. We thank thee that in our struggle for life, for the more abundant life of the spirit, we are not left without guidance or power.

We thank thee for the comradeship we may have with each other in things human and in things divine and that through humility, prayer and the upward striving of thought, will and affection we find access to the secret sources of life, truth and wisdom from whence cometh our help and where our strength shall be made equal to our task.

Our hearts go out in tender solicitude to all who suffer or are in any kind of trouble, distress or sorrow. Forgive us our transgressions as thou wouldst have us forgive those who transgress against us. Leave us not in temptation. Deliver us from evil. As thy children and as disciples of Christ may we live, work, strive, worship, love and serve.. Amen.

—*Rev. Frederic W. Smith.*

"Duty is the mountain path to God."



## CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

**It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.**

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

### APPEALS

1. My five children range in ages from 2 years to 16 years. The two oldest boys are invalids, having had infantile paralysis. We get lonely back here in the mountains and would be glad to get pictures, papers and magazines, and stamped pieces. Mrs. John Martin, Buffalo Ridge, Va.

2. Miss May Justus, Monteagle, Tenn., writes that she needs religious literature to help her with her class of twelve girls. Notebooks, pencils and paste would be most welcome.

3. I would be pleased to receive a little cheer from the *Cheerful Letter* friends if they would be so kind. I love to crochet, and do much sewing. Miss Elsie Featherstone, Walworth, Wis.

4. Mrs. Jessie Lee Seat, Rt. 1, Cayuga, Tex., has not been in touch with the Exchange for quite a while on account of moving from one place to another. She sends her best wishes and hopes to receive books and magazines to take up her spare time.

5. If some of the dear friends would remember me with stamped pieces, bits of thread, and story books, I would be very

happy. Mrs. Watt Burris, 529 Fifth St., Albemarle, N. C.

6. Mr. Chas. Bunker, R. F. D. 5, Waterville, Me., would appreciate it if some kind friend would send him some good books or magazines to read.

7. Because my husband has cancer of the stomach, he is not able to do his work. We have four boys and four girls who would be thankful for anything to help them in their school work, and pictures or crayons for the little children. Mrs. Dessie Evans, Rt. 1, Box 195, Madison, N. C.

8. Mrs. Callie Eldreth, Apple Grove, N. C., would like to get some sugar or salt sacks for quilt linings, and any kind of good reading.

9. I should certainly be grateful for sewing materials, scrap books, and story books as I have a large family and my husband has been sick for five months. With no boys to help me, I have to cut wood and do everything. Mrs. Ada Chapman, Box 78, Red Oak, Tex.

10. Mrs. Cora Jones, Bina, N. C., enjoys the *Cheerful Letter* very much, and would be pleased to receive magazines, embroidery material, or yarn.

11. I haven't received any letters in a

long time but hope that I am not forgotten. Your kindness in sending me literature, crocheting, or bits of thread will be appreciated. Mrs. W. W. Badger, Sturgills, N. C.

12. Mrs. Dorsey Martin, Jackson Springs, N. C., would like to be remembered with story books, pictures, and odds and ends of sewing.

13. I like "the little paper" very much and wish I could hear from the Exchange more often. Magazines and fancy work would keep me from feeling lonely. Mrs. Sarah Crist, Rt. 2, Madison Hgts., Va.

14. Mrs. R. Lee Thomas, Rt. 1, Peachland, N. C., wishes to express her appreciation for the letters she receives as they afford her much cheer. Writing paper and stamped pieces would please her, also.

15. I want to thank the one that used to send me the "American Boy" which I enjoyed more than any other magazine I ever read. I love books, jig-saw puzzles, and games. Ward J. Francis, Rt. 1, Howe, Tex.

16. Mrs. H. V. Parkhill, Wine St., Gainesville, Tex., gets very lonely and is looking forward to hearing from her *Cheerful Letter* friends. She would like bits of sewing, post cards, and books.

17. Thanks a lot for the cheer sent me in the past. I would be so glad if the sisters would remember me with thread and needles, handwork, and reading. Mrs. Dosky Couch, Archey, Ark.

18. Mrs. Pearl Bryant, Dodson, Va., writes the Exchange asking for reading matter, embroidery work, and picture cards to cheer her after a hard day's work.

19. I appreciate all the cheer I receive from the good friends and hope they will again be kind enough to send me buttons, pins, and old silk stockings that I can braid into rugs. Mrs. Luther Powers, Lansing, N. C.

20. Miss Laura Roe, Rt. 5, Alpharetta, Ga., writes that she has been ill for a long time and could not keep up her correspondence. Her mother is a shut-in during the winter months and enjoys reading as she is hard of hearing.

21. An elderly gentleman would appreciate reading matter, especially scien-

tific and religious books. His hands are so stiff he can hardly write. Mr. J. M. Maddox, Rt. 3, Clovis, N. Mex.

22. The *Cheerful Letter* magazine has always meant a great deal to me. I would be awfully pleased to get sewing materials, pictures and story books. Mrs. R. G. Earp, Boomer, N. C.

23. Mrs. Della Wright, Rt. 3, Ferrum, Va., would be real glad to receive magazines, post cards, or embroidery work if anyone would care to send them to her.

24. A friend sends me the *Cheerful Letter* for which I am very grateful. I enjoy writing to my "pen friends," and wish I might have some reading. Mrs. E. G. Buchanan, 228 Hendricks Ave., So. Jacksonville, Fla.

25. Mrs. Phronia Parish, Cottonwood, Ala., would love to receive bits of thread, old stockings for making rugs, and scrap books for the children.

26. I sure would appreciate some sugar and salt bags for lining quilts, stamped pieces for the older girls, and puzzles and books for the little children. Mrs. E. L. Adams, Rt. 2, Box 105, Grassy Creek, N. C.

27. Mrs. H. A. Aldridge, Rt. 1, Box 59, Norwood, N. C., says she has not heard from anyone in a long time. She would like crocheting or embroidery work, also magazines.

#### CHANGES OF NAME AND ADDRESS

Mrs. John Scarboro, Ansonville, N. C., is now Mrs. E. G. Buchanan, 228 Hendricks Ave., So. Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. J. A. Taylor, from Rt. 1, Slaton, Tex., to Whiteface, Tex.

#### ATTENTION — CHEERFUL LETTER CHAIRMEN

Chairmen or workers desiring regular correspondents should write to the Chairman of Correspondents and Appeals, Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. Please do not select regular correspondents from the Appeals or add names other than those given out at Headquarters. Any information regarding correspondents or appeals should be addressed to this Department.



### HOME TRAINING IN LARGE FAMILY Where All Co-operate to Bring Out the Best in Each

"When people question our child-training methods, we are off to an unfinished discussion," related a certain mother as she smilingly began a bit of their family history. Her questioner was thinking of those parents of "only" children, who, meeting new problems daily, often wonder how parents of a large family ever succeed in harmonizing the different temperaments among their offspring, or in giving due thought to the guidance of each child.

"First, we have always designated such training as family training, not the training of our children," continued this mother of six well-developed and congenial youngsters. "Their father and I have been just as much in a training school as any one of our children. Training with us has been entirely a co-operative plan since the oldest child could cry for his bottle. It was adult education combined with nursery guidance that made us see the possibility of each member of the family joining in the work.

"One child may be the opposite of the other, to be sure, but that very fact will immeasurably help the two of them. When Charles is immediately plunged into despair by a required change of plan, the sunny disposition of Evelyn, who can always turn to find the next best plan and put it into immediate operation, will shame the sullen Charles into a change of front. If timid Billy fears to do a thing, he will be encouraged by over-confident Ted. We have always felt that all our children were each other's keepers.

"When Billy had a recitation to speak in school and felt sure he could never get up and say it before the class, it was Ted who trained him and then told him to look straight at him when he said it in school. The little chap was thus given the needed courage and did himself proud by saying the piece without a stop. And he received vastly more than

a good mark in rhetorical; he gained a greater confidence in his own ability because his own brother had assured him he could do the thing.

"When Jane was getting a complex because she had discovered her sister Marjorie was and always would be a much better-looking girl than she, I took Marjorie into my confidence and asked her to help me bring out all Jane's latent ability by suggesting ways for her to look her best and by praising each act of hers that was an improvement over Marjorie's own. Together we have made of Jane a more beautiful child, in that her face reflects the happiness of things well done, and expresses the confidence that comes from the consciousness that she is suitably dressed and from the knowledge that she is an interesting person. Her rather unattractive looks have faded into the background because we recognized her 'short' and sought a way to make it conquerable.

"With all of our children we have laid almost as much stress on their 'short' as on their apparent talent. We figured the thing that was easy for them would of itself be developed as they went through life, but the thing they were short or totally lacking in would need building up every day. Because we have seen learned men, world authorities on difficult problems, inexcusably short on perhaps just a common courtesy, we have endeavored to stress the glaring 'short' rather than to overdo training in the possessed talent.

"Since we as a family agree on wanting to make the most of each member of the group, we hold very frank truth meetings and in all kindness suggest what we think could be improved by another member of the family. When I, as the children's mother, heard from three of them in a secret written truth meeting that they wished I would always tell them when they had pleased me instead of ever saying anything about the times they had displeased me, I learned then and there a most valuable lesson that my shortsightedness had not taught me. And when from the results of the same

frank meeting their father learned from his sons that they would rather have less material things if they could have more of him, he planned at once to take an afternoon off to spend with them.

"And so home training in a large family can be made a co-operative job with each member feeling it his privilege and joy to have a hand in bringing up the whole group and establishing that precious thing—a happy home."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

### WALLS HAVE EARS Stories Their Papers Tell

Just how old is wall paper? Some say that wall paper was first made in China, but was not introduced to this country until the dawn of the eighteenth century. There are a few historians and antiquarians who claim to have traced the story of some papers in American homes as far back as 1680. Fancy takes one back to the first rude log shelters of the original settlers in many sections of the American wilderness. First came the log walls, later the board sheathing inside the logs. Then lath and plaster, often unpainted. When the sailing vessels of the struggling colonies began to roam the seven seas, foreign wall papers were brought back to sell to home owners who could afford what was then a luxury of decoration.

Some beautiful mansions of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries were enhanced by hand painted panels on wood or plaster; others followed the general Georgian trend of white or ivory and gilt on beautifully arranged and hand carved panelling.

But wall paper was scenic or it was patterned in a lively enough way to appeal to people. Yet it was so expensive that once applied, it remained for years, even for generations. It is this type of wall paper that has set certain collectors of American antiquities on many a long hunt.

"The history of some patterns is romantic enough to grip the imagination of a schoolboy or an expert antiquarian. Clipper ships, Chinese go-downs, French

and Dutch ports-of-call, stern old Yankee sea-captains and merchant mariners, be-wigged and beribboned Colonial gentlemen—these scenes and figures flash in and out of the story that concerns many of the finest examples of early wall paper."

Collectors include wall-cloth, originated in France, and later woven in this country, in their search for treasure. The subject matter of the patterns is legion, and often the scene or the design will apprise one of the approximate date of its making.

Prior to about 1830, all paper was made by hand, and the very earliest examples of wall papers were hand decorated with water colors. Later, block printing was used, although some steel engraved, and a few stone lithographed wall panels on fine linen rag paper have been discovered. The Chinese papers that graced the walls of Yankee sea-captains and southern planters, prior to and a few decades following the Revolutionary War, were mostly beautiful examples of Chinese portraiture and landscape painting, executed on incredibly fine but strong rice paper.

The eastern and southern sections of the United States are the happy hunting ground for this almost forgotten phase of art appreciation in this country. Only true antique wall covering is the quarry. Not only wall paper made in China, Holland, England or France, but early examples of American manufacture, which are exceptionally rare.

It is not a simple matter to get good and authentic early wall papers, however. Families who are aware of the value of these treasures are loath to give them up. And even the demon collector does not wish to commit vandalism on such ancient houses as may be unoccupied. Cases are on record where the true wall paper addict, with ample funds, has purchased one or more old places in disrepair, for the sole purpose of carefully removing the paper. Whenever news is broadcast that an old structure is to be razed, you will find two or more wall paper hunters gathering, in quest of treasure in the shape of a strip or two of faded paper or cloth.



There's a technique to the proper removing of wall paper without tearing it and otherwise damaging its texture and coloring. Several experts at this work consistently refuse to permit the uninitiated to watch them, and flatly decline to explain their methods. The secret is passed on only to their fellow-workers, and is always guarded. Steam and hot water are ruinous to old paper, as are harsh chemicals. It is really a labor of love to remove paper without injuring it. Once off, a special paste is used in fixing the paper to fine muslin cloth, for preservation. Then, it can be pasted to the walls without further danger of damage.

To some collectors, a small square of a pattern is sufficient. Often these samples are carefully bound in volumes. Others frame them under glass. And whenever possible, the history of the paper and the house from which it was taken, are written down.

Let us listen to one enthusiast:

"This strip," said he, showing a blue paper with white figure of a boy and a dog drawing a cart, "is undoubtedly of French manufacture. The style of the boy's dress is about the period of the early Napoleon. It came out of a Salem, Mass., sea-captain's home. This panel here is from a Baltimore home, and you can see it is rice paper. See the tea-merchant and his wares around him, in that scene? I discovered that this wall paper was brought to America from China, just before the war of 1812, in one of the old tea-clippers. When this Chinese paper was removed, I found it had been hung and pasted over great wide cypress boards, which had been painted white. The house was being torn down, and the boards were later made into cupboards that went into another ancient house that was being restored.

"This scenic cloth (showing a log-cabin repeated at intervals, and a likeness of William Henry Harrison, Indian fighter and President of the United States) was woven during the campaign that made 'old Tippecanoe' president. Some folks used it for window curtains, but I found that pattern completely covering the walls

of a back bedroom in a New England home. And that was queer, too, because New England didn't take kindly at all to Harrison's candidacy.

"There are plenty of old houses still standing that possess some of the finest examples of early wall paper," this collector continued. "Some day the museums will begin to gather in some of the better collections. Of course, one or two of the larger institutions already have done so. To me, it's the history surrounding the papers that is the interesting phase of collecting. If these strips and squares could only talk, and tell us of the conversations they've heard and the scenes that they looked on, our American histories would be rich with forgotten details of our early days!"

—Walter B. Grover in *Leisure*.

#### "WATCHERS"

"A morning in September comes  
When mothers stand to see  
Mere babies faring forth to meet  
A world's complexity;  
They loose small hands—they bid them  
go—  
They watch them yearningly.

"So brief—so swift—the years have  
been—  
So dear—the constant care,  
And now bereft—at open doors—  
Stand mothers—everywhere—  
Within their eyes a wistful light,  
Upon their lips—a prayer.

"Dear God—compassionate to all—  
I pray thee keep apart  
A space of warmth and tenderness  
Within thy sheltering heart,  
For women watching through their  
tears  
An eager child depart.

"A mother's need is great this hour—  
Oh, come to her today  
And reassure her, God, and take  
The anxious care away.  
Then go with every child who goes,  
And stay with them I pray."

—Grace Noll Crowell.



**MRS. EMILY REIDER DEVOTED HER  
LIFE TO WORK FOR WOMEN  
AND WORLD PEACE**

There recently died in London an internationally famous, highly cultured American woman—Mrs. Emily Reider—whose passing was scarcely noticed in America. Maude Croyden paid a fine tribute to Mrs. Reider in the London Times. She was not unknown in Boston; she lectured here a few years ago on the League of Nations.

In point of fact, Mrs. Reider was much better known in Europe and Asia than in her native America. She was an internationalist in the finest sense of the word, and she knew pretty nearly everybody worth knowing who have been concerned with international affairs since the World War.

For one thing, she was a great linguist. She could speak fluently English, French, German, Spanish and Italian, and she was a remarkable Arabic scholar.

She was an adviser of Kemal Pasha in his reform work in Turkey, especially that relating to women and their education. She was a frequent visitor at the Turkish capital; also a frequent visitor to Bagdad and Persia.

She had conferences with Mussolini; with the New Spanish statesmen since the overthrow of King Alfonso, and she was profoundly interested in the League of Nations. She attended its most important sessions; knew nearly all of the statesmen and was familiar with the technique of the various secretariats.

Her main interests centered around the welfare of women the world over, and international peace. A few years ago she visited Mexico, was the guest of Calles and lectured to groups of women in Mexico City. She also visited Cuba and several of the South American countries. But her greatest achievements were her work for the women of Turkey and for those of Italy.

It was all very quiet work, done at her own expense. She was a modest woman—kept herself in the background—and was probably much more effective in her role as an adviser, because of this trait

in her character. But for all that she was both persuasive and forceful. She inspired confidence through her logic, reasoning and the breadth of her culture.

For nearly 20 years she had been traveling about the world on a mission of her own choosing. She had a vision of the future in which there should be international peace, and in which the women of all Nations would have an opportunity to live decently and rationally. The World War had changed her whole being.

Mrs. Reider was born in New York city (Emily Faber) and taught languages in the high schools there for a number of years before her marriage to Andre Reider, an Alsatian gentleman in business in London at the time. They had a son, Noel, a graduate of Oxford, who has been engaged in important medical research in Africa.

Just before the World War started Andre Reider died while on a trip to South America. Since then Mrs. Reider gave her life to international affairs.

—*Boston Globe.*

**TREE RING CALENDAR**

No doubt you have often wondered how scientists tell the dates of the various famous old ruins they find in Western United States. Neil M. Judd, curator of new world archaeology at the National Museum, says nature provides an exact calendar for science in its search for these dates. Buried trees tell the age of the ruins almost to the year by their petrified rings, he claims. Whenever a bit of old log or timber is found it is carefully dug up and saved. A cross-section of such a find shows the rings which give the approximate dates it grew and was buried.

—*Pathfinder.*

Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee;  
All things are passing;  
God never changeth;  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things;  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting;  
Alone God sufficeth.

## WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## WITCH HAZEL

"We're going to the woods today to see a witch," said Uncle Tom to his twelve-year-old nephew, Jack, as they started on their customary Saturday afternoon hike.

"I don't like fairy stories any more," said Jack, with the air that his advanced years called for more manly topics.

"No fairy-story witch—a real witch," insisted Uncle Tom, setting a brisk pace in the direction of the near-by woods. "A witch, in the old days, was a person who did original, misunderstood things. Come and see my witch, and you'll see she's different in her habits from every living thing around her."

Jack, concealing his curiosity, strode at Uncle Tom's side and soon the two were deep in the budding, flowering spring woods. Before the most inconspicuous shrub in all the woods, Uncle Tom suddenly stopped and said, in formal introduction:

"Dear Witch Hazel, this is my nephew Jack. You'll have to make allowances for him, because he doesn't believe in witches outside of fairy tales.

"And, Jack, make your best bow to my dear friend, Witch Hazel. She is one of the most fascinating of all forest dwellers. If you'll believe in her instantly, I'll tell you some of her jolly ways."

"She has charm, which is better than beauty," said Uncle Tom solemnly. "Look around you and you'll see flowers and shrubs and trees adorning themselves for the pageant of spring. Not so with Witch Hazel. She saves her cheery little yellow blossoms to brighten the woods of fall and winter."

"Blossoms in fall and winter!" exclaimed Jack. "I didn't know anything did."

"No self-respecting witch observes ordinary rules," said Uncle Tom. "Rather, she defies them. We'll come out here some cold day in October when the wind is whistling winter warnings and when all the other dwellers in the

woods are preparing to stand stark and cold till spring; and what do you think we'll see?"

"What?"

"We'll see Witch Hazel popping into golden bloom to keep the cheer of sunny spring in the frozen woods all winter. Each flower has four petals, like dainty yellow streamers, and the October woods are fragrant and gay."

"Well, I never did," said Jack, stooping close to look at the dingy-leaved bush, so unlike its gay neighbors.

"See," pointed out Uncle Tom, "these little green balls clustered on the newer shoots. By summer, they'll look like little green buttons, and in the fall, on some dry, cold day, pop! and they'll all burst wide open."

"What's in them?" asked Jack.

"Seeds. And it takes them a whole year to ripen. When Jack Frost gives the signal, the pods fly open with a sharp little snap that you can sometimes hear, and out pop the two black seeds with such force that sometimes they shoot off as far as twenty feet."

"And they bloom all winter?"

"Some flowers fall, but some stick, the winter through, and bridge the flower gap till spring. Their slim little streamer petals curl up like shavings, but they hang on."

"I like your witch," said Jack.

"She's a charming person," said Uncle Tom. "I love her witching ways of doing things all topsy-turvy—blossoming in fall and winter, and coming out in the spring with dingy little leaves when all around her is spring finery. It takes some courage to keep on blooming through all the winter blasts and blizzards."

"I'll say!" said Jack, with enthusiasm. "There's some fun in this kind of a real live witch."

"Witch Hazel is a witch after my own heart, too," said Uncle Tom. "A real, live witch? Of course she is! Doesn't she defy every ancient law of the calendar?"

—*The Christian Register.*



**BETTIE BULRUSH AND MISS  
WATER LILY**

Bettie Bulrush lived in a stream with the rest of her family. As everybody knows, the Bulrushes are clannish and stick closely together. The stream in which she grew was a very pleasant place. When she tired of talking to her sisters, there were little whispering winds, always eager to tell her about some distant land they had visited. Different birds paused to swing on her stem and gossip.

Yet with all these things, Bettie Bulrush was not satisfied. No, indeed! One day a passing sparrow found her in tears.

"What are you crying for, Bettie Bulrush?" asked Mr. Sparrow. You see, he was a kindly soul and did not like to see anyone in trouble.

"Oh, for a great many things," sniffed Bettie Bulrush. Like some little boys and girls, she had a way of feeling that she was ill-treated. "In the first place, I'm such an ugly brown thing!"

"Ugly!" said Mr. Sparrow in surprise. "I always heard the Bulrush family were beautiful. Why do you think you are ugly?"

"Look at my dingy brown coat!" sobbed Bettie Bulrush. "Why haven't I lovely white leaves like Miss Water Lily?"

"A brown coat is as good as a white coat, any day," answered sensible Mr. Sparrow. "Miss Water Lily may have her troubles, like the rest of us."

"I'm sure I don't know what they could be," sighed Bettie Bulrush. "She is so beautiful."

"Well, I must be on my way," said Mr. Sparrow. He was beginning to think Bettie Bulrush rather silly. Besides, business was business, and he had worms to gather. "Buck up!" he twittered as he flew away. He was rather inclined to be slangy. He had not been gone very long when chatty Little Miss Wren stopped to inquire the reason for Bettie Bulrush's tears. She told Miss Wren what was worrying her.

"How foolish you are!" exclaimed

Miss Wren, "crying because you want to be something you are not. You have a great many blessings."

"What are they?" inquired Bettie Bulrush eagerly.

"You come of a very old family," chirped Miss Wren. "Dating back to Moses, you might say."

Bettie Bulrush secretly thought Miss Wren very stupid to prefer an old family to good looks.

"That doesn't satisfy me," she snapped.

"You are worth a great deal to the world," went on Miss Wren consolingly. "Your stem can be made into a chair—"

"I don't care about being sat on by people," interrupted Bettie Bulrush, unknowingly voicing the sentiments of a great many other people.

As nothing she could say seemed to be of any comfort, Miss Wren flew away in search of her dinner. As she left, she added, with a homely wisdom of her own:

"If you were meant to be a Water Lily, you would be one. As it is, you should try to be happy in the place that was intended for you."

Bettie Bulrush looked around her. Not far away, in the shallow water, floated an enormous Water Lily spreading her white leaves in the sunshine. She determined to speak to her.

"Oh, Miss Water Lily!" she cried. "How I envy you! You must be very happy."

"I suppose I would be," answered Miss Water Lily in a tiny, discontented voice, "if every frog in this stream did not use my leaves for a flat boat. The sun is very hot, and I find the bugs terribly annoying."

Bettie Bulrush shivered. She, too, liked frogs to keep their distance. It seemed that Mr. Sparrow was right and water lilies also had their troubles. She began to wonder if anybody in the world was happy. Tired out with the problem, she fell asleep. She dreamed her wish had come true, that she was a Water Lily and very proud indeed. She was basking in the warm air, when, sud-

denly, a huge frog jumped on her leaves. She was dreadfully frightened. While she was struggling, she kept trying to say, "Oh, Mr. Frog, please get off my leaves, and I'll never wish to be a Water Lily again!" But the words refused to come. Then, all at once, she awoke and found herself in her old place and still a Bulrush.

"Oh!" she cried aloud. "That awful frog! How he frightened me!" The sky looked bluer than she had ever seen it and the sunshine more golden. "Miss Wren was right," she thought. "I am better off in my own place. I did not realize how contented I was. I shall never grumble any more." So she lived many years in the same spot very happily and was never heard to wish she was anything but a Bulrush.

—*The Christian Register.*

#### MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so  
I want to be fit for myself to know;  
Always to look myself straight in the  
eye.

I don't want to stand, with the setting  
sun

And hate myself for the things I've  
done.

I want to go out with my head erect;  
I want to deserve all men's respect;  
But here in the struggle for fame and  
pelf

I want to be able to like myself.

I don't want to look at myself and know  
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty  
show.

I never can fool myself, and so  
Whatever happens I want to be  
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

—*Author unknown.*

### THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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#### ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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